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INCORPORATING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND THE UNITARIAN HERALD

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WEEK BY WEEK

AMONGST other departures from routine afforded by departure on holiday may well be a more variegated reading of different newspapers. Although personal impressions may be misleading, one impression gained from such reading is that, so far as serious democracy is concerned, newspapers have gone down hill during the last fifteen or twenty years. Today, at all events, it is difficult to believe that most newspapers are designed for anything but light entertainment. If we take almost any penny daily or evening paper and assess the amount of space devoted to advertisements, sport, features and news paragraphs of no consequence, we find that there is little left over for more serious matters. We can hardly blame shortage of newsprint for this, especially when in addition we find the serious news indifferently selected, prepared and presented. Perhaps one reason for the decline in the serious value of many newspapers is the extraordinarily efficient news summary provided by the B.B.C. But it can hardly be regarded as a good thing that the responsible presentation of news should fall more and more into the hands of the B.B.C., satisfactory though it is that the service should be so good. For one thing there is no re-reading the B.B.C. news for a point missed or misunderstood. Moreover there is danger in putting too many eggs in one basket.

Journalists and Their Grievances

If it is fair to say that most newspapers today exist mainly for light entertainment, it is fair also to acknowledge that there are some honourable exceptions. But it is interesting to note that most of these exceptions are amongst papers that in quite recent times have been made subject to trustee regulation. The trusts vary but their main object is to maintain the real freedom and independence of the papers concerned. Notable examples are the *Manchester Guardian*, *The Times*, the *Economist*, the *Spectator*. If the present trend should continue our generation may witness a progressive differentiation of papers into amusement sheets and serious journals, with the latter growing into foundations reminiscent of the great mediæval educational foundations. Should that happen, different names to distinguish the two types would be valuable and the way would be open for the active encouragement by endowment and otherwise of the serious organs of opinion and news. On this development the recently published *Memoranda of Evidence Submitted to the Royal Commission on the Press* by the National Union of Journalists is of particular interest. Of even greater interest is an undertone of discontent among journalists, who evidently often feel themselves prevented from attending to their proper business of presenting the news or commenting upon it either through the pressure of commercial interests or the demands of an unintelligent public.

Truth and the Newspapers

The most disturbing evidence of the journalists on their own profession was the alleged indifference to truth of what we may call the "Entertainments Press". It is a serious matter that Jewish outrages in London can be written up for days on end in clamorous headlines when there is little or nothing behind them. It is a serious matter when it can be asserted that at Christmas production in the mines has gone

down, when in fact it has gone up. Subsequent denials, even if made, do not undo the mischief done. The serious journals do not, of course, fall for that sort of irresponsibility, but they would doubtless be the first to admit that there is a danger in the perpetual effort to give news early and give it fully. Dependent for information upon all sorts of sources, errors are almost inevitable. Historians undertake "revisions" of judgments on past historical events; serious journals might do worse than give monthly or quarterly revisions and recapitulations. How important this is can best be shown in an illustration from the past, when journals had a more universal reputation for seriousness than now. It comes from a historian undertaking a historical "revision". He has given details of a historian's account of an attempted colonisation in 1844. Having said that the account was entirely dependent upon contemporary newspapers he goes on:—

"It is not therefore surprising to learn of a shipwreck that never occurred, and of land grants that were never made—or, if made, were made when the grantor was (as authentic documents show) in a state of inebriation! This is an excellent example of the danger of using newspaper material to prove any question of fact whatever, without confirmatory evidence from other sources."—(G. B. HENDERSON, *Crimean War Diplomacy*).

The check on news in serious papers is probably greater now than it was in 1844; still the danger remains.

News and Comment

The famous phrase of C. P. Scott, the *Manchester Guardian's* famous editor, that comment is free, facts are sacred, probably needs some revision. It is arguable that with C. P. Scott himself comment was at least as sacred as facts. The historian quoted above makes a claim for contemporary comment which is encouraging. His researches were concerned chiefly with the period of the Crimean War and he says:—

"In the course of these researches I read many articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's*, *Chambers*, the *Quarterly*, the *Fortnightly*, and others; and I was amazed by the perspicuity and the balanced judgments of intelligent contemporaries. . . . Delusions tended to grow later. . . . My researches, I felt, were doing no more than cutting away the rank overgrowth of the 'sixties and 'seventies, and bringing things back—with a little additional information—to what the intelligent contemporary had known."

The "intelligent contemporary" deserves the best service that can be given, and he in his turn should make sure that he gets it. He enjoys neither the time nor the opportunity to investigate the sources of information open to the responsible commentator and may be tempted to suspend judgment in the absence of adequate available information. But the truth is needed now, not fifty years hence; when it may be too little and will certainly be too late. For time does not automatically prevent the growth of myths, and decisions will have been taken according to our present judgments on events—or lack of judgment. But this means that the need is for "comment" that is not wholly "free". Like the service of fact it must be subject to a sense of responsibility and requires a discipline and training which at their best are rare. Historians have realised the need for such training and discipline. The need is no less in newspapers.

[The Notes this week have been contributed by the Rev. Roger Thomas, M.A.]

INTERPRETATIONS OF LIFE—II

By Hubert G. Woodford, B.A.

Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean"

THE TEACHING of Epicurus concerning life was somewhat as follows: The long sleep of eternity is broken every time a man wakes into the world of consciousness, and that waking moment is what we call Life. The problem for Epicurus was how to make a wise use of this fleeting moment, and to attain "freedom of the body from pain, and of the soul from confusion".

Walter Pater, in *Marius the Epicurean*, which can hardly be called a novel, tells of the sensations and ideas of a noble Roman youth, as he advances in years and reaches manhood. We feel that Marius is no ordinary boy; and yet it may be that he is little different from most children. What distinguishes him from other boys may be that in his case, that early sensitiveness, that openness to the unseen, that poetry and faith with which all children set out upon life, were not contradicted or poisoned by the cynicism and careless brutality of older people. His father had died while Marius was yet a little child, and as was natural, he grew up in a peculiarly dear and intimate friendship with his mother, the very absence of the father making itself felt in a certain seriousness and wisdom, which gave to their relationship something of the sentiment of religion. When a boy, his mother had told him that he must carry in his bosom a white bird across the crowded market-place of life. That bird was his soul. Would it reach the hands of his good genius on the other side, unruffled and unsoiled? To achieve this end, Marius seeks in all things the development of pure and exquisite tastes, avoiding all forms of excess, whether in sleep, diet or dress. He seems to move in an atmosphere that has about it always the freshness of the morning. He aims always to meditate much on "beautiful objects, on objects more especially connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, on young animals, on the trees in early spring, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him, if it were but a choice flower, a graceful animal or a sea-shell as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight".

As being the head of the household after his father's death, it fell to him, though still a boy, to perform the religious rites of the home; and this he did always with a natural and unaffected seriousness. Marius took with him through life a bias and predisposition towards the religious view. "He was apt to be happy in sacred places", he said of himself. He had been admonished by a priest of Æsculapius to promote "the capacity of the eye, inasmuch as in the eye would lie for him the determining influence of life". Marius was one of those to be made perfect by the love of visible beauty, and like our own John Keats, was to pass through the "Gate Beautiful" into the Temple of the Highest.

In course of time Marius went to Rome to take his place as amanuensis to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. On the way he encountered casually one who was destined to wield a quite immeasurable influence upon him. He met Cornelius, a young noble, a soldier of the Twelfth Legion. Cornelius was a Christian, a Christian of those virgin days when persecution purged the Church, suffering only those who were saints indeed to bear the sacred name. Through him, Marius approached the threshold of the Christian faith and glimpsed a new and regenerate world. He came to identify everything that had been really beautiful and satisfying in his past pagan experience and philosophy with the peculiar grace which he found in Cornelius and the Christian faith. Amid all his eager grasping at sensations, he had come to see that, after all, the main point of economy in the conduct of the present is the question: "How will it look to me, at what shall I value it, this day next year"? The main concern was the impression left on the tablets of memory. "Supposing", he says, "our days are indeed a shadow, even so we may well adorn and beautify, in scrupulous self-respect, our souls, and whatever our souls touch upon—these wonderful bodies, these material dwelling-places, through which the shadows pass together for a while, the very raiment we wear, our pastimes, and the intercourse of society". This is the teaching of the book, slightly modified by a discontented aspiration towards

some fuller philosophy of life, which Pater calls Christianity. Marius stands on the threshold of Christianity. He dies young, and we are left to speculate "how one who loved beauty, and loved it in such precise forms . . . looked forward to the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity".

The Epicurean interpretation of life has been badly misunderstood, and has sometimes given the name to mere sensual indulgence. But according to Epicurus, man is placed on this earth to find happiness, and the grand maxim of the philosopher was that he must abstain in order to enjoy, and be continually on guard against any passions which might disturb the calm and tranquil life. The happiness of individuals depends upon, and forms part of, the general happiness, from which, therefore, it cannot be separated. The essence of his ethical system resolves itself into the *maxima felicitas*, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which Bentham, a great restorer of Epicurean ethics, made popular in the modern school of Utilitarians. Under this system, whatever contributes to the happiness and well-being of man as a member of society is denominated pleasure: nor, as the happiness of individuals is made dependent upon, and declared to be inseparable from, the general happiness, can the true meaning of the term be mistaken and misapprehended by any honest inquirer.

The untroubled outlook upon life and nature which characterised the Epicurean stood him in good stead when facing death—death, which was the darkest shadow falling across the glad, Greek world. Why should we fear death? "When we exist, death is not present with us; and when death is present, then we have no existence." The Epicurean treats death as nature treats it, as a matter of no importance. "Unreasonable man that thou art! When thou hast partaken of the feast of life and the time cometh when the master of the feast desires to take leave of his guests, wilt thou be so unmannerly as to refuse to go, or wilt thou take thy departure with bitter complainings that he hath not asked thee to stop longer?" If nature could speak, would she not say: "Up and go, thou foolish man! I have set out for thee all my variety and though thou shouldst linger yet to a hundred more feasts, they would be even the same as this. I have nothing new for thee, and there are many awaiting thy place. Up then and go with untroubled mind, for in any case thou must go."

Life should be a harmony of all the parts, for "one cannot live agreeably without living intelligently, beautifully and justly; nor intelligently, beautifully and justly without living agreeably; for the virtues are intertwined with an agreeable life, and an agreeable life is inseparable from the virtues". The principal source of happiness in life will ever be the correct estimate of things, the liberation from the fear of the gods and from the dread of death, the knowledge that the good, rightly understood, is undoubtedly attainable, that pain, when severe, is usually brief, and when it lasts long is not sharp. A man with such convictions will be "disquieted neither awake nor asleep, but will live like a god among men".

These are some of the thoughts which Pater has woven into the story of Marius, whose spiritual pilgrimage from paganism to the threshold of Christianity is not without meaning for our own age. Marius, like many today, is "not very sure of God", but is profoundly aware of the human soul and its boundless relationships. He is "almost persuaded", but not quite. The beauty of the world, and its sorrow, solaced a little by religious faith, itself so beautiful a thing; these were the chief impressions with which this noble Roman made his way onwards.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION

Sir.—Mr. Hale in the summing up of the account of his Pilgrimage, to me, one of the most interesting of the series, says, on the subject of making successful use of the vital elements of religion, "we are desperately in need of at least an equivalent for the evangelical prayer meeting". I suggest the Bible class. The evangelical Bible class, with its narrow outlook and consequent neglect of whole chunks of the Bible, no doubt contributed to its present disregard but equally with the prayer meeting, it contributed to the fervour of church life. Approached with a simple desire to understand, the Bible, as many can testify, radiates heat as well as light. A class formed with such a purpose would be a social, cultural and religious asset and would, I think, be interesting and even exciting.

—Yours,
Bexhill.

F. C. McWilliams.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE

By D. MacClure

NO VOLUME ever commanded such a profusion of readers or has been translated into so many languages as the Bible. None has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. No other book in any language contains so much sentiment and imagery, and so great a variety and intensity of expression. It stands alone in grandeur and sublimity of thought, and will continue to exist above and beyond the mightiest of other efforts of the human mind and spirit.

The Bible has meant much to the English-speaking peoples. It is the foundation of English religion, English thought, and English dreams. It contains the finest stories in the world, dramatic stories with the deepest spiritual significance, which have given us all our most familiar imagery.

Think of a murderer and you think of Cain. Think of two friends, ready to make every sacrifice for each other, and you think of David and Jonathan. Think of a man of supreme courage and Daniel of the lions' den comes into your mind. "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone." A wise man is always something of a Solomon. The man who always believes that the unpleasant must happen tomorrow is a Jeremiah. The man whose courage fails him at a moment of crisis and who afterwards repents is a Peter. Every traitor is a Judas, every liar Ananias. Pilate is for all time the coward, afraid to be true to his own convictions. Every doubter is a doubting Thomas.

This book of books inspired the English Muse with her loftiest strains, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. It is not only in the Psalms and prophecies that may be found the poetical and the beautiful, but in the historical writings of the Old Testament; and in the records and teachings of the New Testament, passages and descriptions abound which are of surpassing tenderness and beauty. Many beautiful examples could be selected from the songs and prayers interspersed throughout the Old Testament, including the prayers of David, of Solomon at the consecration of the Temple, and of Daniel when the vision of Nebuchadnezzar had been revealed to him.

There are few passages in modern literature so touching and beautiful as that short phrase occurring many times in the sacred writings, "They lifted up their voice and wept"; and deep love and devotion could never be more superbly expressed than in the reply of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The history of David and Jonathan and their love and friendship for each other brims with romance and interest. David loved his friend as his own soul, and the covenant solemnly entered into between them was never broken but by death. Nothing in the whole volume is more touching and thrilling than the lament of David over Saul and Jonathan. It is a beautiful tribute to the memory of the loved and the lost, and begins:—

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places:

How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon;

Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. . . ."

The great sorrow of David over the death of Absalom cried out in the burning, passionate words that came from the depths of his soul, words which the author, Howard Spring, was quick to use as the title of his best-selling novel: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

There are hundreds of folk-tales and myths telling the story of the beginning of the world, but the first chapter of Genesis is in the majesty of its language without a rival, and it is, in addition, essentially accurate. It begins with majestic brevity: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. . . ."

Solomon's prayer, at the consecration of the Temple, is both solemn and beautiful, and when uttered as he knelt

before the altar, and spread forth his hands towards heaven in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, must have been profoundly moving.

From the words of Job and his companions might be selected many passages and beautiful similes. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."

The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind in language burdened with sublime poetry, and filled with beautiful images and comparisons: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? . . . The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen. Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

The Book of Psalms is but a collection of sacred prose poems, with the poetic fire burning in every verse. Whatever may be lost by the translation, there is still beauty enough left to entitle them to the admiration of all. Of the infinity of God's power the psalmist says: "O Lord my God, thou art very great; though art clothed with honour and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot. . . ."

Who can wonder, after reading such passages, that even people of other religions have admired the Bible's unique beauty, and, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have purloined its jewels?

The prophecies are fraught with a strange, mysterious beauty not to be found in other portions of the Holy Scriptures. The fearful predictions of the fall of nations, the overthrow of empires, the desolation of cities, and the awful doom which would fall upon the enemies of the Great Jehovah—all clothed in language calculated to impress the mind in the most vivid manner—give them a peculiar interest. The passage from Isaiah concerning the future of the Jews, the fall of the Assyrian and Babylonish empires, and the judgment of God on the land, is a superb piece of prose. It begins with "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger. . . ."

A single verse pictures vividly the revels of the powerful King of Babylon: "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." With thrilling brevity is the conclusion given: "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain".

Turning to the New Testament, there are many exquisite passages from the lips of Him who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is not surprising that a book glittering with such gems of prose and poetry should have gladdened Milton in his darkness and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. No book-lover can read a single page without experiencing a wondering sense of admiration. On reading more, it dawns upon us how meagre is much of the best-selling literature of today when compared with the imperishable treasures of Holy Writ.

"LOOK, STRANGER!"

(More Extracts from a Diary)

June 15.—At Shingle Street, a remote, quiet place on the East Coast. The main terrace of houses facing the sea still stands boldly against all the buffets of the winds, but the line of cottages between the terrace and the Martello Tower has been wrecked by practice bombing. It is a paradise for children's play, with the skeleton houses to explore and hide in, and the heaps of timber and metal rubbish. There is that excited sense, of which Kenneth Grahame writes so beautifully in *The Secret Drawer*, that at any moment you may light upon something extraordinarily precious. In the stony places we found the bright yellow flowers of golden stonecrop, flannelwort and sea poppy, and round the ruined cottages lovely sweet honeysuckle, periwinkle, valerian and yellow rambler rose gone wild. I walked away across the acres of pebbles to where the River Ore comes down into the sea from Aldeburgh and Orford, or rather the sea sweeps heavily inland between its banks of shingle. The sky was overcast

and hung heavily over the cold grey North Sea and the peaceful desolation of stones. I thought of Heine, who a century ago looked across this cold impassivity from the other shore. June 16.—When I came home to dinner Vanessa was full of the story that the cat had caught a mole. Vanessa found the two creatures at the back door and snatched up the mole. How it wriggled. She had never known a creature so active. It seemed all muscle, and it bit her viciously. But its skin was lovely. She took the little thing into the garden next door out of reach of the cat, and it disappeared immediately. What a pity the mole could not have been kept for the children to see.

But we were not to be disappointed. We were all at tea, when Vanessa went into the scullery. She rushed back shouting: "Pickles has the mole again!" She handed me thick leather gloves with which I picked the little creature up. It was not so much that it was all one muscle as that it had an extraordinarily powerful kick with its hind legs. We shut Pickles up and took the lovely brown thing into the garden. When we set it down on the lawn, it made straight for the edge of the grass and plunged at a sharp angle into the soft earth. It was uncanny to see the speed and the directness with which the mole went down, and to see the earth heaving after it. I moved the loose earth so that we could watch its vertical descent. Two little children's heads bent close to the earth, fascinatedly absorbed.

June 17.—Of course we regard our children as projections or extensions of ourselves. We dream of their future while they are only a thought. Mother's thoughts are supposed to affect the development of the child in her body. What is it we read in *Vanity Fair*? Our children grow up, and all goes smilingly as they follow mother's and father's régime. The plan grows towards fulfilment, we happily observe. The child grows older, and we notice departures from the horoscope that do not become less frequent. There are disappointments and revisions. The doctor is not to be a doctor after all, but perhaps a nurse; the prominent civil servant has taken on the colour of a bank clerk. Then, one day, we notice that a new direction is taken by the maturing child. Interests that were never ours become all-absorbing to one whose development grows stranger and stranger to us. Is this the projection and extension of ourselves? Never!

But thanks be to God, a new individuality is asserting itself. In place of our timid fears are its firm hopes and certain knowledge. The burden is passing from our shoulders. World-conqueror, recluse or slave of routine—it does not matter: this child can look after itself better than we can do for it. But mother is sad because the children grow up from their dear, dependent, baby-selves; and away from her.

June 25.—The revolutions of irrational time bring me to Bristol once more. I take the bus from the station to the Downs, and walk along the grass in the sunshine and the free expanse of air. I am free and detached, while the world goes to work around me. I go into the Zoo, which is free of visitors at this early hour. This little space of caged animals and quiet trees is a world apart from ours, a flashback to the ageless æons before the advent of man. Alfred, the great gorilla, whose cage first greets me, with his rude noises and his startled hitching away on the haunches, is the guardian and Janus of this prehistoric eternity. The silent, gaudy, aquarium swimmers glide within an intenser remoteness of time and space, oblivious of the victims of a later and rawer time and all their problems. The peacock fans its feathers in an irrelevant beauty, and the ostriches break into a perfect mime and mockery of a fight. You poke your face close up to the muzzle of the King of Beasts, and he gazes at you with a tranquil, blinking benevolence, as if all history were not torn by irreconcilable strife.

And then, perched above the Gorge is this frail human mockery of space and gravitation. It fascinates and frightens me to look down on the crawling transformations of water, vehicle of men hundreds of feet below. The Empedocles Complex rises up from the dark depths of personal being, and I dare trust myself no longer. There is the plunge—

"And then we shall unwillingly return
Back to this meadow of calamity,
This uncongenial place, this human life;
And in our individual human state
Go through the sad probation all again . . ."

JULIAN.

CENTENARY OF "YR YMOFYNNYDD"

THE *Ymofynnydd*, the Welsh Unitarian monthly magazine, has attained its hundredth year; and with the forthcoming appearance of the September number, which will be a commemoration issue, it will step into its second century*. Its title, *Yr Ymofynnydd* is the Welsh equivalent of THE INQUIRER; probably the older paper may be considered as the parent of the younger, for the English INQUIRER was established five or six years before its Welsh contemporary. The latter, with the exception of two or three short periods, has appeared regularly ever since its inception to the end of its century.

Its first Editor was the Rev. J. E. Jones, of Bridgend (Glam.), our minister at what was then a townlet, but which, during the intervening years, has grown into an important centre of mercantile activity. Mr. Jones remained at the helm till 1854, when it was decided to suspend publication, owing probably to insufficient support. Publication, however, was resumed in 1859, under the same Editorship; but even then its career was a short one—barely five years. The gap was filled to some extent by another monthly, called *Yr Athraw* ("The Teacher"), edited and owned by the Rev. William Thomas, M.A., of Llandyssul, better known in Welsh circles by his poetic *nom de plume*—Gwilym Marles. The *Ymofynnydd* reappeared in 1868, and since then it has run its course without a break towards its century.

All its Editors were and are well known and well educated men—Revs. D. L. Evans, R. J. Jones, M.A., Hathren Davies, William James, B.A., and T. Arthur Thomas (jointly), T. Oswald Williams, M.A., and J. D. Jones, B.A., B.D., its present editor. They were and are all of them men who have played a very conspicuous part, not only in denominational affairs, but also in the educational and literary life of the Principality.

On casting even a hurried glance over the contents of its earliest issues, one cannot but note what difficult times our little community of churches had to pass through. It had to contend vigorously with opposition on the part of the orthodox bodies, had even to suffer ostracism and persecution; it was, indeed, a sect everywhere "spoken against". But our men, by their contributions to the *Ymofynnydd*, proved themselves such doughty champions of their faith that they met these attacks with marked success. These theological battles have by now become a thing of the past. The air has been cleared of much of the old enmity, for enmity of the most virulent kind it was; the relation between the various orthodox bodies and ourselves has become friendlier, though there is still room for improvement.

Our little monthly, as it passes over the boundary into its second century, still has difficulties to face, but goes forward with refreshed hope and no lessening of the old courage, strengthened by the knowledge that it is, as it has always been, a most valuable link to bind our Welsh churches into one ordered community.

CYMRU.

SCHWEITZER JUBILEE

THERE has just been published in America a five hundred page Schweitzer Jubilee Book. It is a tribute offered to him by twenty-three professors. Some of the essays make difficult reading: others are simple, deep and illuminating. Nothing new is told to readers of his own volumes, but keen Schweitzerians will like to look at this book. Possibly they will have to secure it through Dr. Williams's Library as the dollar exchange makes its purchase a difficult matter. It is priced at \$7.50.

In 1934 there was published in Strassburg a slim volume of appreciation, fifty pages. The increase to this present massive volume may be taken as indicative of the marked increase in public interest, further shown in that it is probable that, within a single year of American publishing, four or six volumes on Schweitzer will be published. European interest in his life and work remains strong: his works continue to circulate in Germany.

MAGNUS C. RATTER.

*Copies of this special number will be available if orders are sent immediately to Yr Ymofynnydd Office, Gomerian Press, Llandysul, Cardiganshire. The price is 7d., post free.

PERCY DEARMER

By F. H. Amphlett Micklewright, M.A.

SOME RECENT references to ecclesiastical art and design recall the figure of Percy Dearmer. It is eleven years since he died as a canon of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Dearmer had commenced life as a high churchman and had developed a deep knowledge of liturgy, art and ecclesiastical history. For a while, he was a London vicar, and he resigned his living to undertake work in Serbia during the first world war. A train of experiences, partly set in force by the war and partly by disgruntlement with the traditional church, carried Dearmer over to the definitely Modernist position. His sympathies with Unitarianism became distinct and appeared in the Essex Hall Lecture which he gave in 1935. At the same time, he remained most interested of all in the aesthetic approach to religion and, at his death, was working along lines which would have brought about a much-needed rapprochement between art and a liberal religious faith in terms of its church symbolism and its worship.

In some ways, Dearmer was never the typical Anglican, and the fact became more clear as he gradually dropped his high church associations. His interest was in the approach to God through beauty. In former years, he made far-reaching contributions to this end by the working out of a lofty and beautiful ceremonial for use in church. *The Parson's Handbook* is an undying monument coming from this period. But gradually he came to realise the extent of his problem. In *False Gods* (a neglected masterpiece), Dearmer had protested against the dreary idolatries of conventional religion, whilst his lectures, *The Power of the Spirit*, sought to relate the manifold workings of the spirit of life as the revelation of the spirit of God to every aspect of life and culture. This approach to religion, essentially a religious humanism, led him to write his able little book, *Art and Religion*, an appeal for beauty, and for religion as a means by which this beauty may be set forth. Dearmer had come to believe strongly in a doctrine of values which provide the substance of religion. In the years which followed the first war, this belief brought him into close contact with the group of liberal religionists who clustered around Arthur Clutton-Brock. *The Necessity of Art* was a valuable collection of essays coming from this group in which Dearmer pointed to the Christian tradition as one of the means by which great art has been interpreted and preserved. He appealed through art to a religion of life which might concentrate upon the splendour of living rather than upon "sin, in its many-sided dreariness". Dearmer had underlined the fact that there is a tradition of aesthetics in religion and he sought to interpret it over the widest possible field. His work with Maude Royden at the Guildhouse was devoted to this end, as was his alliance with Martin Shaw in the realm of church music.

The function which Dearmer performed should certainly cause his memory to be recalled. He is largely forgotten in the Church of England, largely because his repugnance to dogmatism is alien to the tradition which demands ceremonial as a teacher of dogma rather than as a harbinger of beauty for its own sake. The short but stimulating biography by Nan Dearmer was not acceptable in Anglican circles. Yet the approach which Dearmer made to problems of beauty in worship and in church symbolism is one worthy of working out in a broader atmosphere. The Unitarian churches should provide it with a fitting home. Unitarianism, as Dr. Wilbur has made clear in his great history, is the evolution arising from sixteenth century humanism. It is therefore alien to the classic controversies between Catholic and orthodox Protestant. The use of symbol and colour within the Unitarian heritage is not the introduction of something which is foreign to that cultural tradition or to the fullness of its meaning.

Possibly Dearmer struck the keynote of his approach to religion when he set aside the classic theologies of sin as "an obsession". The idea of sin as it is set forth in traditional theology, exemplified for example by Dr. N. P. Williams in the Bampton Lectures for 1927, is not only an artificial view of conduct based upon a particular theory of revelation. It links the core of interest in religion with death rather than with life and thereby colours the religious approach to living with the negativism of sin-beliefs. Modern psychology and sociology have done much to remodel the whole idea of wrongdoing and to place the fundamental problems of human

conduct into a very different light. At the same time, Dearmer's distinctive approach on the question of sin is one which demands this scientific view of conduct, and which relates religion to the positive and creative acts within living. Religion becomes therefore an exercise in the art of living together. The bleak Puritan asceticism of the monks of the Egyptian desert, of the Benedictine revival or of seventeenth century Protestantism is the real enemy to the message of beauty through its denunciation of nature as sinful, and Dearmer cut away its roots by insisting upon the positive rather than the negative approach to living. One of his later books, *The Legend of Hell*, was a semi-Biblical and semi-historical approach to the same problem.

A religion which was essentially man-accepting and world-accepting naturally sought to find a place for the highest creative achievements of man and for the interpretation into human terms of the beauties of the natural order. Dearmer was at his strongest on the historical rather than on the metaphysical side and he did much to recall the old English customs against which the traditions of English religion have been built up. Old meeting-houses provide as suitable a background as do old parish churches. If the Lord God has no need of temples made with hands nor with the sensualism of human symbolism, no more has he need of human philistinism and appalling ugliness. It is frequently forgotten that the act of worship finds its nearest parallels in the drama. The mediæval mystery-play was a drama set in religious terms and was, as Dr. Karl Young has shown, an important part of mediæval church life. Public worship, with its variety and its colour, was a specialised form of this drama. For the Protestant, the sense of the colourful and dramatic in worship has too often been lost with disastrous results. Comparison and experiment are keywords which might do much towards guiding the Unitarian of today into a new technique of worship far removed from the ugliness and the loss of the dramatic against which both Stopford Brooke and Percy Dearmer protested.

In order to achieve this end, there is need for a careful attention to be paid to the symbolism of the church-building. For example, the setting up of an ugly brass cross on a table in an old meeting-house not only shows that the donor is attracted by the worst type of church shop ornamentation. It also proves that he had not the least idea of the traditional symbolism appropriate to the building. Yet old meeting-houses have suffered as much from inappropriate vandalism as have parish churches. Symbolism should fit into the historic surroundings of the building. At the same time, a modern Unitarian church offers a unique opportunity for the working out of a wide religious symbolism by means of a decoration linking art to the wholeness of living and all life to religion. Pictures and statuary are obvious means to this end but heraldry and similar tokens also repay exploration. The symbols may be both national and international and not of necessity "religious" in the narrower sense of the term. Unitarians have a considerable opportunity in this field but they also have a considerable leeway to make up before they can remove the last vestiges of nineteenth century bad taste from their midst.

Whether as a young vicar, or later on at the Guildhouse, or later still in Westminster Abbey, Percy Dearmer performed a notable service in this direction. It was a non-clerical influence which had the insight to found for him a professorship in Christian Art at King's College, London, an Anglican college (a reminder that this subject is wholly untouched in every Unitarian college in England and Wales). But the work which he did belongs to a far wider field, and Unitarians of today would do well to ask how far the later Dearmer, with his broad and undogmatic religious views, belongs to them and how far their churches are in fact the place where his insight and ideals can come to birth in the new age of the post-war world.

THE INQUIRER

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PARTLY CONSIDERED TRIFLES

By "Autolycus"

II—FOR PERIS IN PARTICULAR

IT WAS his preaching-gown that attracted me over. Seldom is such a garment seen in a London park.

The orator by whose soapbox I had been standing must have sensed my impending desertion. The loss of one from his audience of five was no doubt a serious matter. He singled me out with pointing finger and glittering eye.

"Proof!" he thundered. "That's what I'm giving you! Proof! Take Rockefeller. Take—"

An inflection of either disgust or despair crept into the brassy voice as I turned and moved away, half proud at showing such unusual decision of character, half sorry at leaving him thus coldly in the lurch; for I have known what it is to address small audiences myself. His lurid picture of the insidious ramifications of high finance remains a half sensed terror to haunt occasional dreams.

Delicately avoiding the nets cast by wily speakers on behalf of the World for Women League, the Friends of the Worker, and sundry other societies, I at length arrived safely by the stand of the man in the gown.

In view of the almost infinite variety of outdoor speakers, it seemed quite unremarkable to find he was reading from I Corinthians, 13, the famous chapter on Love. He read beautifully:—

"Love suffereth long, and is kind. . . . Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up . . . seeketh not its own, is not provoked. . . . Love never faileth . . . and the greatest of these . . ."

There were no hymns or prayers, but he gave an address that was a touching plea for the supremacy of love in our daily lives. I listened gladly and with attention. The end came therefore with the more startling surprise.

"Take love as your guide and companion," said the preacher. "In your homes and offices and factories let love be king. Be not content to listen to me speaking about it. Go away and practise it, anywhere and everywhere—"

It was at this point that one of those amazing inconsistencies, so thoroughly consistent with the way we human beings go on, turned my world upside down.

An elderly man, evidently a disciple, interrupted with a soft chuckle and a few low words I did not catch except that their reference was to churches. The preacher at once followed what was evidently a welcome pointer.

"No!" he agreed. "Don't think for a moment I'm suggesting you should join a church. Whatever you do, avoid that. You will simply be placing yourselves in a hotbed of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. They are all alike. Keep clear of them altogether. Just follow love in your own lives instead."

I thought I understood the gown then. At the same time, he lost his hold, for here, unconsciously enough, no doubt, his teaching was false to his preaching.

There was bitterness in his heart towards his fellows in the churches, not love.

I guessed that once he had been closely connected with a church, found that human nature may still display serious faults even there—perhaps not discovered the same fact of his own nature—and departed for ever.

As I thought of the happy family spirit in my own little Unitarian church, and the tremendous help it had been to me in ways and at times of which my fellow-worshippers never even guessed, I felt both pained and shocked that so false an accusation of the churches could still be publicly made.

It used to be a common one enough, and we may grant there is no smoke without fire, but it "dates" to the days when many attended church for other reasons than the pure inner compulsion to worship. There were more people in the churches. There was also more human nature undisciplined and unashamed.

Even so, our preacher may be controverted from his own text-book.

For what is a church?

Here is one useful if incomplete definition from his own choice of view:—

A church is a company of people who are learning to live together in the spirit of I Corinthians, 13.

"Learning," because human nature is not yet perfect. As we take Paul's chapter, sentence by sentence, and think about each, the best of us must seem only babies in the practice of his ideal:—

"Love suffereth long, and is kind.

"Love envieth not.

"Seeketh not its own.

"Is not provoked. . . ."

None of us is perfect in these directions yet. How can we expect others to be?

A church is a company of human people, some more, some less advanced in Christian living than ourselves.

It is easy, when we choose our own company, avoiding as far as possible all those uncongenial to us, to indulge in professions of a vast, vague love for all mankind.

It is more difficult to mix with all sorts and conditions of men and women, as in a church, and, in spite of all imperfections to learn to live with them in the spirit of I Corinthians, 13.

The man in the gown had failed, when in a church, to achieve the self-conquest necessary to his own ideal.

Perhaps because he had forgotten even there to seek the aid of a Love and Strength greater than his own.

At least the greater part of our social and international troubles arise because human beings have not yet learnt how to live with one another, and are not sufficiently inspired to do so.

For all its faults of human practice, every Christian church stands for the spirit of I Corinthians, 13. Moreover, each supplies its special inspiration and aid to that ideal.

We all need to be constantly reminded of our ideals to keep them at their brightest. We all need help in living up to them.

Where else will the vast, vague lover of all mankind find his own ideal so insistently or so helpfully proclaimed as in a church?

Is it at the office, the factory, or even, infallibly, in his home?

The churches would be glad to see him in their pews, yet not for the sake of their own numbers alone. They know he needs them also, more so than he has yet seen.

CORRESPONDENCE

VISITING OTHER CHURCHES

SIR,—I think it would be well for our members to visit from time to time churches of other denominations. For example, we might go when on a holiday (after visiting the local Unitarian church if one was available), or when one's own church was closed for a time.

It might be useful for the purpose of cultivating understanding and toleration and perhaps also give valuable suggestions as to procedure and outlook. Of the three ways of cultivating religion, devotional, intellectual and that of good works, Unitarians seem to lay too much stress on the intellectual side. Many of them apparently think that a person's religion is of no value unless he has carried it out from first principles. I think this is a mistaken view. Many people, particularly women, are not interested in theological and metaphysical problems; they take their religion as it is set before them, and find it of great value as a background to life, a source of consolation in distress, and a strong stimulus to the exercise of their innate philanthropic desires.—Yours,
L. Blaikie.
Godalming.

"AN HONEST GOD'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN"

SIR,—There are two Samuel Butlers—one a near contemporary of Pope ("An honest man's the noblest work of God"—*Essay on Man*, 4th Epistle to Bolingbroke) but I think the Rev. G. Randall Jones takes his quotation from the author of *The Way of All Flesh*. I do not pretend to be conversant with the writings of the modern Samuel Butler.—Yours,
Agnes Clarke.
Leicester.

Mr. Randall Jones replies—

"The quotation to which Miss Agnes Clarke refers is printed as a motto at the head of the book which I reviewed. Obviously it is a skit on Pope. But Pope was not born till 1688; Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, died in 1680. I assume, therefore, that the quotation comes from the second Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, born 1835."

Mr. R. H. VICKERS, of Woking, writes that the letter on "Unitarianism and the B. B. C." by K. Gill Smith "is most opportune and right", and suggests that one way of bringing "the more thoughtful members of the public to feel at least interested in what to many is but another 'sun' would be to change the confusing title 'Unitarian Church' to the more clear and attractive 'Free Religious Society'."

BROADCAST SERVICE

Essex Church.—The minister and committee wish to say a word of sincere gratitude to all those who came to take part in the Broadcast Service on Sunday, August 31. There have already been many testimonials to the quality of the singing, but in addition to this the presence of so many friends from other churches in London brought a message of fellowship which was a true joy and inspiration.

CALENDAR

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th

ABERDARE, Highland Place, 11 and 6, Rev. D. JACOB DAVIES.
 ABERDEEN, Un. Ch., Skene St., 11 and 6, Rev. L. BAKER SHORT.
 ABERYSTWYTH, New St. Meeting House, 11, Supply.
 ACCRINGTON, Unitarian Free Ch., Oxford St., 10.45 and 6, Supply.
 AINSWORTH, Unitarian Chapel, Knowsley Rd., 11 and 3, —.
 ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Rd. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR VALLANCE.
 ANSDILL. (See Lytham St. Anne.)
 ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Richmond St., 6.30, Rev. C. P. SCOTT.
 BATH, Trim St. Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. H. D. WIARD.
 BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Av., 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW.
 BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary St., 11.30 and 7, Rev. R. W. WILDE.
 BESSLS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. MAGNUS RATTER.
 BILLINGSHURST, Free Chr. Ch., South St., 11.15, Mr. W. T. WILKINS.
 BIRKENHEAD, Un. Ch., Bessborough Rd., 6.30, Mr. JAMES ECCLES.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON STUART.
 BIRMINGHAM, Moseley Unitarian Church, Yardley Wood Rd., 6.30, Mr. E. T. PEARCE.
 BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Rd., Church and Hurst St. Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Dr. MEYER KLUEGEL.
 BLACKBURN, Unitarian Ch., St. Andrews St., 6.30, Supply.
 BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COLEMAN.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Rd., 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 BOLTON, Bank St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. BENJAMIN GILL.
 BOLTON, Halliwell Rd., Free Ch., 10.45 and 6, Mr. IRWIN HODGSON.
 BOLTON, Unity Ch., Deane Rd., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. L. TOSELAND.
 BOSTON (Lincs), Spain Lane Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. CHAS. SIMPSON.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Ch., West Hill Rd., 11, Dr. G. K. BROWN.
 BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK BULLOCK.
 BRADFORD, Broadway Av., 2.45 and 6.30, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS.
 BRIDGWATER, Christ Ch., Dampier St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. G. TOPPING.
 BRIDPORT, Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES.
 BRIGHTON, Christ Ch., Un., New Rd., 11, Rev. MARTIN HALL, 6.30, Rev. H. W. STEPHENSON.
 BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES.
 BRISTOL, Oakfield Rd., Clifton, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. H. EASTON.
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Ch., Trafalgar St., 6, Mr. H. HILL WAREING.
 BURY, Bank St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. MAW.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate St. Chapel, 6.30, Mr. W. FIELD.
 BUXTON, Hartington Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. DYER.
 CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Ch., Emmanuel Rd., 11, Rev. STEWART CARTER.
 CARDIFF, The West Grove Un. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. T. PUTIN.
 CARLISLE, Un. Ch., Lorne St., 2.30, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. W. J. CARTER.
 CHATHAM, Unitarian Ch., Hamond Hill, 6.30, Mr. C. H. COLE.
 CHELTENHAM, Bayhill Un. Ch., 11, Study Service, 6.30, Rev. BARBARA THOMAS.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. H. WILLIAMSON.
 CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. W. ROBSON.
 CHORWICK CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. GLYN-EVANS.
 COKE, Prince's St., 11.30 and (occ.) 7, Rt. Rev. W. A. WETHERALL.
 COSELY, Staffs, Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Road, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 COVENTRY, New Great Meeting House, Holyhead Rd., 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Supply.
 CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech St., 6.30, Mr. BUCKLEY.
 CREWKESON, Un. Ch., Hermitage St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY.
 CROYDON, Free Christian Ch., Wellesley Rd., 11, Rev. A. B. DOWNING.
 DEAN ROW, 10.45, STYAL, 6, Rev. E. E. WHIGLEY.
 DENTON, Wilson St. Chapel, 11, —, 6.30, Rev. JOHN CROFT.
 DERRY, Prim Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Supply.
 DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Mr. K. TREACHER.
 DONCASTER, Free Chris. Ch., Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS.
 DUNLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton St., 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 DUNDEE, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. S. P. WHITHAM.
 DUNDEE Un. Ch., Constitution Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT WHITFORD.
 EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Ch., Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. TAYNOR.
 EVESHAM, Oak St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. PRIESTLEY PHILLIPS.
 EXETER, George's Chapel, South St., 6.30, Rev. V. L. HINES.
 GAINSBOROUGH, Unitarian Ch., Trinity St., 6, Rev. W. R. CLARK-LEWIS.
 GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. CHALK.
 GLASGOW, Ross St., Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER REID.
 GLASGOW, St. Vincent St., Unitarian Ch., 11, Rev. ALEXANDER REID.
 GLASGOW, Fintona St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. G. WOODFORD.
 GLOUCESTER, Barton St. Ch., 6.30, Rev. B. L. GOLLAND.
 GOSWOLD, Meadow Chapel, 6.30, Rev. MARIE REAMES.
 GUILDFORD, Wind Street Church, 11.15, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK.
 HAILE CHURCH, Haile Barn, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. LEAR.

HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. A. ELLIOT PEASTON.
 HASTINGS, Free Chris. Ch., South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENBIGH HILTON.
 HINCKLEY, Great Mt., Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. J. G. DAVIES.
 HINDLEY, Presbyterian Ch., off Market St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES.
 HOLLYWOOD, Kingswood, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. A. GORTON.
 HORSHAM, Worthing Rd., 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
 HORWICH, Unitarian Free Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
 HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam St., 11, Rev. J. J. POTTER.
 HULL, Park St. Church (Unitarian), 6.30, —.
 HUNSLET, Unitarian Church, Joseph St., 6.30, Mr. A. G. WHITTAKER.
 ILMINSTER, Old Meeting, East St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. BEER.
 IPSWICH, Unitarian Ch., Friars St., 11, Supply.
 KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. DEAKIN.
 KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11, Dr. MEYER KLUEGEL, 6.30, Mr. H. S. BERESFORD.
 KNUTSFORD, Brook St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STANLEY MOSSOP.
 LANCASTER, St. Nicholas St. Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. LOT HALL.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. SHIRWELL PRICE.
 LEICESTER, Narborough Rd., 6.30, Rev. E. G. GREEN.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. S. HURN.
 LEIGH, Unitarian Church, Twist Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. PIPKIN.
 LETCHWORTH, Vasanta Hall, Gernon Walk, 11, Mr. R. A. HAGUE.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. H. W. STEPHENSON.
 LINCOLN, High St., Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Dr. ALFRED HALL.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Ch. of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. A. GARRARD.
 LIVERPOOL, Bootle Free Church, 6.30, Rev. E. BASIL SHORT.
 LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill St., 6.30, Rev. J. KEIR MURREN.
 LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. P. STEWART.
 LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Rd., Everton, 6.30, Rev. LAURIE TOSELAND.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. SPENCER.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE REDFERN.
 LONDON, Bell St., Edgware Rd., 6, Rev. WALTER LONG.
 LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford St. Ch., 6, Rev. A. J. LONG.
 LONDON, Brixton, Services at 5 Killieser Av., S.W.2, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE.
 LONDON Essex Ch., Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. JOHN BALLANTYNE.
 LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.15, —.
 LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ROGER THOMAS.
 LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Ch., Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORDELL.
 LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. E. HALE.
 LONDON, Highgate Hill, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. G. J. G. GRIEVE.
 LONDON, Islington, Unity Church, Upper St., Preston Hall, 7, Rev. JOHN HINKINS.
 LONDON, Ilford, High Rd., 6.30, Mr. F. NICHOLLS.
 LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Chr. Ch., Quex Rd., 11, Mr. VICTOR FOX.
 LONDON, Lewisham, Unitarian Church, High St., 11, Rev. JOHN HINKINS.
 LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Rd., Knotts Green, 6.30, Rev. T. L. JONES.
 LONDON, Mansford St. Ch., Bethnal Green, 6.30, Mr. H. A. GORE.
 LONDON, Newington Green, Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. R. LITMAN.
 LONDON, Richmond Free Ch., Ormond Rd., 11, Rev. ETHEL KAY.
 LONDON, Rhyl St., Kentish Town, 6.30, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY.
 LONDON, Stratford, Unitarian Ch., 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. C. NEWTON.
 LONDON, Theistic Ch., 1 Grosvenor Place, 11, Rev. J. TYSSUL DAVIES.
 LONDON, Wandsworth, Un. Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. WALTER LONG, 6.30, ARTHUR PEACOCK.
 LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Ch., at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 6, 1st and 3rd Sundays, Sept. 7, Rev. T. O. WILLIAMS.
 LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 LONDON, Woolwich, Service temporarily suspended.
 LYTHAM ST. ANNES (ANSDELL), Un. Ch., Channing Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. HERBERT CRANTHE.
 MACCLESFIELD, King Edward St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. LISMER SHORT.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Ch., Market Buildings, 6, Rev. ALUN WILLIAMS.
 MANCHESTER, Un. Ch., Chapel Lane, Blackley, 11, Rev. J. EVANS, 6.30 Mr. SINGLETON.
 MANCHESTER, Cross St. Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. H. A. MICKLEWRIGHT.
 MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
 MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTIER.
 MANCHESTER, Longlight Free Chr. Ch., Birch Lane, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
 MANCHESTER, Mill St. Free Ch., Bradford, 3, Mr. R. S. SALT.
 MANCHESTER, Moulton Ch., Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON CLARKE.
 MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Supply.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Ch., Rusholme, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. PETER.
 MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. H. CHEETHAM.
 MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 6.30, Supply.
 MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Un. Ch., Browley Rd., Brackall, 6.30, Mr. ERIC PHILLIPS.
 MANFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN.
 MIDDLESBROUGH, Free Christian Ch., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES.
 MORTON, see LANCASTER.
 MORTONHAMPTON, Cross Chapel, 3, Rev. C. G. TOONE.
 MOSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Rd., 10.45 and 6, Rev. W. WASHINGTON.
 NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Rev. GRACE MEWERT.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BARNES.

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RAWTENSTALL, Unitarian Ch., Bank St., 10.45 and 6, Mr. W. MILLAR.

RINGWOOD, HANTS, The Meeting House, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 11, Dr. J. C. FLOWER. Other Sundays, 6.30.

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TROWBRIDGE, Congreg. Unitarian Church, 3 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS.

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PHILLIPS.—On August 24, at St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester, to Jessie (née Molyneux), wife of Eric Phillips, a son (Ian John), 10 Oakmere Close, Wythenshawe, Manchester.

QUARMBY.—On August 25, 1947, to Betty, wife of Michael C. Quarmby, M.B.E., now at 7 Teesdale Avenue, Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, a son.

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